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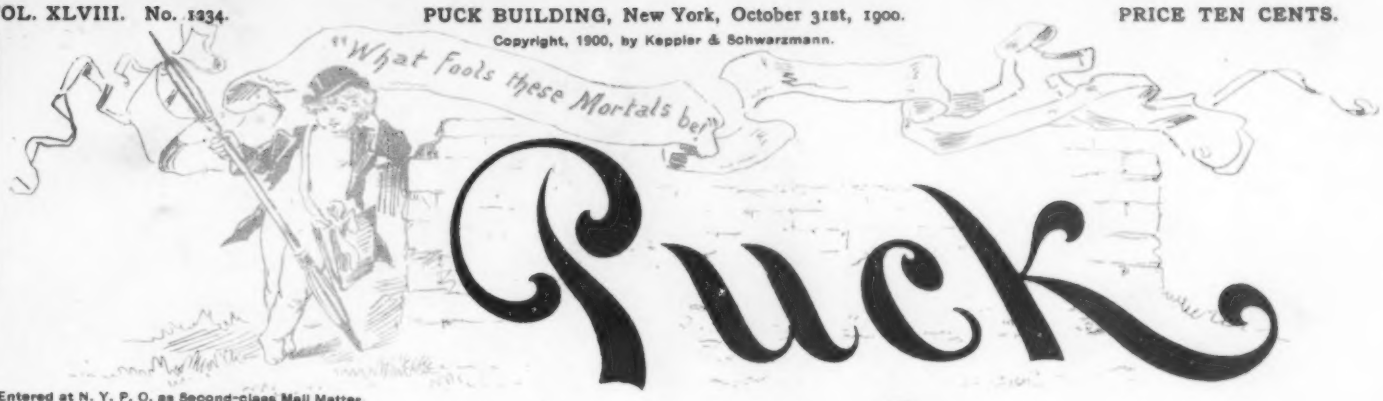

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IT WON'T TAKE.

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PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXXVI.

AN ILLINOIS MAN WHO BELIEVES IN THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF BRYANISM.

THE AVERAGE MAGAZINE ARTICLE.

IT IS far from possible to present more than a passing glimpse at the fundamental facts anent the great mineral and vegetable wealth of the Katsu Islands in a magazine article of this kind. A few of the more salient virtues of the archipelago will, however, be timely.

The Katsu Islands lie in latitude 96° N., longitude 64° W. The rain precipitation, which occurs during what we class as the Summer months, attains astounding proportions. It would require a volume several times the peripheries of this magazine for us to enter into this phase of our subject to the length it deserves; but, it being impossible in such limited space to devote more discussion to it, we will pass on to the historical and commercial value of these tropical lands.

In the year 1800 Katsu was not on the map. In 1890 an English company secured, after some lively and eventful bartering with the natives, a mixed cargo of pineapples and coral. The ship with her entire crew foundered in a typhoon which was encountered several days after putting to sea, and to this day not a word has come of the dire disaster. But to go into the prospects which are now opening up for profitable trade with the island group demands a more exhaustive treatise than present space permits.

Turning now to the climatic and sanitary conditions encountered we will, at the risk of being superlative, quote a few statistics. The death rate in 1800 was 19 per cent. In 1899 it rose to 91 per cent. The size of our article forbids a more extensive elaboration of these figures.

From the foregoing facts the reader will be able to deduce (with a considerable amount of imagination) a comprehensive opinion as to the intrinsic worth of the Katsu Islands and the many grand opportunities offered to young men by them.

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THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

THE RAM. — Alas! How sad to think, even while we drain the cup of pleasure, that these blissful moments are so few and far between.

CHOPPING HIM OFF.

POLITICAL SPEAKER. — No doubt, you have all heard the old story about —

THE AUDIENCE *(in one voice)*. — Yes; we've heard it!

SOMEWHAT LARGE.

FIRST FLY. — That's what they call the fly wheel.

SECOND FLY. — Strikes me they should have named it after the elephant.

BLOOD.

The Spaniard could not help but observe that we were shedding quite a bit of blood in this work of assimilating the Filipinos.

"The stuck pigs!" he sneered, his habitual hauteur not unmingled with malignant glee.

Of course, we did not admit having been stuck, the $20,000,000 notwithstanding.

A COMMON RESULT.

"When I passed," said the man who was talking about the incipient riot, "there was a great deal of suppressed excitement."

"Yes?" said his friend. "There frequently is after the police have used their clubs."

A RUMOR.

"Aguinaldo, of course, will be anxious to get early news of the result of the election.

"Oh, yes! He has made arrangements to receive the returns in his private swamp."

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HE KNEW.

SUE BRETTE. — I had an offer to go on the road but I would n't accept.

FATTINGTON HAM. — I don't blame you. It 's a bad place to be out of a job.

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INFORMATION.

THE NEW INHABITANT.— Yes; I bought the Betterdays' place down in the village.

THE OLD INHABITANT.— So I heard. Well, they 've been tryin' a long time to stick somebody on that place.

AMENDED.

FRIEND.— You don't believe in the rule "Never prophesy unless you know?"

FORTUNE TELLER.— Oh, no! Our rule is, "Never prophesy unless you 're paid for it."

A DECOY DUCK.

"What is a political issue, Pa?"

"Well, Sammy, a political issue is the point a strategic politician gets the voter to fix his eye on while the strategic politician puts in good work in some other direction.

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CONTEMPTIBLE WEAKNESS.

ETHEL.— I tole yer Tommy did n't amount to much.

ADELBERT.— I kin see he don't. De idear of a feller lettin' his mudder keep him goin' to school an' him over eleven!

A SEX DIFFERENCE.

MRS. COBWIGGER.— When men turn around in the street to look after a woman it shows that she has a pretty face.

COBWIGGER.— That 's so, my dear! And when women turn to look after her it shows that she has a pretty dress.

BRICKS.

"You are a brick!" they shouted, and drank to his health at his expense.

The man smiled sardonically, for he was not without discernment.

"The road to perdition is paved with bricks!" he muttered, as to himself.

NOT A LABORING-CLASS EXPERT.

JUDGE.— You 're a professional burglar, are n't you?

PRISONER-AT-THE-BAR.— No, yer Honor; I ain't makin' no business o' stealin', yer Honor! I 'm a decayed gintlemun, yer Honor, an' I jes' took it up as a fad.

BEFORE THE CRASH.

MRS. ISAACS.— You haf der bapers all made oudt?

MR. ISAACS.— Yes, my lofe! You haf now der assets undt I haf der liapilities.

ALMOST any girl is pretty until she gets old enough to be afraid she is n't.

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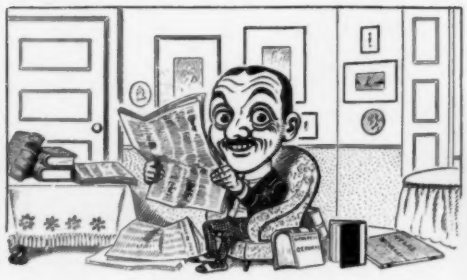
POLITICS VS LOVE.—A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

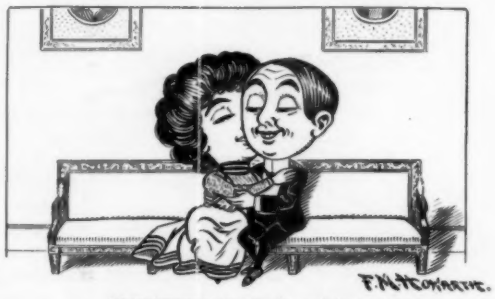


BRADLEY BRANES.—Ha! Ha! A scheme I have to do me hated rival. Her father is full of the campaign. I will read up on the issues of the day and win his admiration.

(the next evening, aside).—"Now for the charge! I 'll make me rival look like thirty cents. *(aloud).*—Yes, Mr. Sweetman, the political contest now waging is one of the most momentous in our history. Now take this doctrine of Imperialism," etc., etc., etc.

MR. SWEETMAN.—Yes; I understand what you say but you base your entire argument on an absolute false theory. Now when we took those islands, etc., etc., etc.
BRADLEY BRANES *(aside).*—Me rival sits there like a clam.

MR. SWEETMAN.—But it 's of no use sitting here arguing. Come up to my study where I can show you all the facts and figures and I can prove what I say.



MISS SWEETMAN *(two hours later).*—Yes, George, it is sudden, but I knew all along that you loved me. *You* would n't talk politics to Popper in preference to saying sweet things to me, would you, dear?

LAW.

THE FLAWS in the laws of the land
are the cause
Of lawyers' existence;
And they who may stray from
stern probity's way
Must seek their assistance.

For lawyers will show—and prove
that it 's so—
That no law was made for
The case in the court; 't is of other import—
That 's what fees are paid for.

And then when we see defendant go free,
Released, proudly gallant,
Held guiltless by law, we say with much
awe,
"'T was lawyers' great talent!"

The flaws in the laws of the land make us
pause
For Society's state;
If law had no flaw and its drag-net could
draw
All guilt to just fate!

Wood Levette Wilson.

THE BUSY PUBLIC.

"Another open letter from the Hon. Mr. Whoopemup!" exclaimed the Public, looking over its mail. "Why don't he cut 'em down and send postal cards?"

DUST.

"I am a vile worm of the dust!" groaned the penitent.

The Church was in a very magnanimous mood to-day.

"You 'll be all right if you give up the dust!" quoth the Church, benignly.

SETTLED AT LAST.

MAY.—Do you think one should marry for love or for money?

CHAPERON.—My dear, love is an excuse for marriage, but money is a justification.

IT IS a waste of time to brood over your wrongs unless you can hatch a remedy.

THE KENTUCKY DRUG STORE.

FIRST DRUMMER.—I saw a funny sign in a Louisville saloon, lately.

SECOND DRUMMER.—What was it—"No Shooting Allowed?"

FIRST DRUMMER.—No;—"Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded."

EVIDENT.

FIRST SPECTATOR.—It 's silly to get so excited.

SECOND SPECTATOR.—Silly? It 's plain that you 're no golf player!

THE DEAR CREATURES.

MAY.—Belle is very giddy for her age.

CLARA.—I should say so! If she lives to be old as long as she has been young she will break the record for longevity.

THE GREAT OBSTACLE.

"Each of us," said the moralist, "could do something to make the world better."

"Yes," said his friend, with a sigh; "only our personal affairs do seem to keep us hustling!"

POINTING THE WAY OUT.

"What do you think Miss Popkins did when I staid late last night?"

"What?"

"She got up and hung an 'Exit' placard on the parlor-door."

NO NEED OF BAIT.

CRABSHAW.—I don't see where woman acquired her extravagance in dress. Eve was n't that way.

MRS. CRABSHAW.—Of course not. There was only one man in the world then and she had him.

SOMETIMES EXCUSABLE.

FIRST BOARDER.—A man should n't quarrel with his bread and butter.

SECOND BOARDER.—Not unless he boards.

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GROUNDS FOR THE OPINION.

MISS WUFFINGHAM.—She t'inks I 'm too mussnary.

MR. MOKEBY.—How 's dat?

MISS WUFFINGHAM.—Well, I done advised her not to marry a man what ain't got a cent an' no prospec' ob a job.

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SHOWING HIM THE PICTURES.

FARMER JONES.— Darter, yew an thet young feller thet 's a-courtin' yew must git purty close tewgether every time he calls.

DAUGHTER *(blushingly)*.— Why, Papa! What makes you think so?

FARMER JONES.— I notice our album is gittin' purty well worn out.

EVOLUTION OF THE FOOTBALL GIRL.

ARRIVAL.— "Mercy me! What a crowd! What *are* they yelling at? How unladylike of those girls to carry on so! Has the game begun?"

KICKOFF. — "Which is our side? Why did that — Mercy me! Just see them pile on that poor man! It 's a regular fight! It 's brutal! I can't bear to watch such — See him run! They 'll catch him — they 'll catch him! Run! Run!"

SOMEWHAT LATER. — "I think it 's perfectly dreadful the way they jump right on top of a man! No wonder they are all padded and look like gladiators! It 's so rough and — Hurrah! Hurrah! Aren't we gaining?"

STILL LATER. — "What brutes those other fellows are! Why, they weigh lots more than our men!"

BETWEEN HALVES.— "Oh! I think it 's awful! Look at that man's ear — it 's positively bleeding! Do you think we 'll beat? I *hope* so!"

SECOND HALF (KICKOFF).— "Run, Reddy, run! See him! See him! Is n't that fine? How much does it count? Reddy 's just a duck! I could *hug* him!"

SOMEWHAT LATER.— "Is it their ball? What a shame! That *horrid* referee! I hate him! Hold them, boys; hold them! Catch him! Catch — Hurrah! Hurrah! What 's the matter? Slugging, you say? Well, I don't care; — those big brutes *ought* to be slugged. And that horrid old referee is *so* mean!"

STILL LATER.— "There! That 's the third of those detestable prize-fighters laid out. It serves them right. They 're *regular* beasts! Our boys ought to pound them whenever they get a chance. See Reddy — Run! Run! I *know* they piled on him on purpose."

THE END.— "Oh! was n't it fine, though! Go again? Of course! Will you, really? And when is it?"

Edwin L. Sabin.

CROW.

The Red Rooster filled the place with his defiant clamor.

"I 'll make you swallow your words!" hissed the Speckled Rooster, losing his temper completely.

"What! Me eat crow?" hissed the Red Rooster. "Not on your tintype!"

And, to make the situation yet more strained, the beautiful Pullet with the Rose Comb giggled at this.

WISE.

SUBBUBS.— What you got such a high iron fence around your place for?

BACKLOT.— To keep out the volunteer firemen if we should have a blaze.

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APPROVED.

"There! I 've let out more string."

"That 's right. A kite is like a man — you don't want it tugging at its cord all the time."

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AS TO THE CADDY.

SHE.— Oh, no! I don't think he was laughing at you.
CHOLLY.— But — But what else is there to laugh at, doncherknow?

THEY HAVE TO COME TO IT.

"IT'S JUST like this," said shrewd old Uncle Ezra Jingleberry: "For a good long spell after he slopped over out of college my nephew, H. Claud Petty, wore his hair in wild and lavish luxuriance on his head, tolerated his humble and moss-grown relatives as sort of necessary evils, spouted more or less Latin and Greek and whole tomes of ancient history, gave us ponderous and unsolicited information on all things, facts, theories and conditions on earth, in the heavens above, and in the waters under the earth, and condescendin'ly considered the advisability of ultimately acceptin' some congenial and genteel position.

"But when he finally took a tumble — he 's got considerable of the good old Jingleberry blood in him, though you might not have suspected it till lately, to look at him; and I may say, in confidence, that mebby I had a little somethin' to do with pushin' him off from his perch — anyhow, when he finally took a tumble to himself, and also my advice, he cut his hair and his association with the defunct languages, changed his name back to Hiram C., and went out and hustled for a job. And since gettin' it he has paid back what it cost me to keep him eatin' regularly while he was waitin' to find out where he was at; and if he has still got an idea that the world owes him a livin' he has got over expectin' it to back up to where he may be lazin' around in the shade and h'ist itself for him to milk it. He is all right now; but I 'll snum if he looked it for a considerable spell!"

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NEARSIGHTED.

THE TOUCAN.— Dear me! Now I wonder where I could have put my eyeglasses?

AN INQUIRY.

"Could n't I do that, Grandpa?"

"Oh, no; you 're too small. My grandpa would n't let me pop corn when I was your size."

"Would n't he, Grandpa? Did *he* want to have all the fun himself, too?"

PROBABLY.

"Who was it said that charity begins at home?"

"I suppose it was someone who did n't want to contribute."

NO EARLY ADVANTAGES.

"Things might have been different with me," said the convicted burglar, "if I had a good eddication an' good Sunday-school training."

"Poor man!" said the visitor, sympathetically.

"Yes; — I might have been a trusted cashier an' skipped out with the funds, an' I might be livin' like a fightin'-cock somewhere out of the country."

HIS METHOD.

"Aha!" exclaimed the editor of the *Daily Shouter*; "at last I have discovered the secret of journalistic success: Publish so many reports that it will be physically impossible to contradict more than half of them, and then point triumphantly to the uncontradicted other half."

And then he set to work vigorously on Extra Number Twenty-six.

A CHEAP PRESCRIPTION.

MRS. CRABSHAW.— You seem pleased that my doctor recommended a five-mile walk.

CRABSHAW.— Yes, my dear; I was afraid he would recommend an automobile.

A FIB.

Oh, no! He does not write for gold,
Nor yet for any glory;
He claims 't is for the fun of it —
But that 's another story.

THE GREATEST objection to many of our best friends is their friends.

SOME FOLKS have a mistaken idea that a philanthropist must necessarily be wealthy.

EVEN WHEN we bow most politely to the inevitable it is apt to treat us with scant courtesy.

IMAGINATION, as Napoleon said, rules the world; though its reign is always threatened by coalitions of hard facts which occasionally force it to abdicate.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THIS CRAZY TIME.

LEADINGS toward lunacy are powerful in the last two weeks of a campaign. All the arguments have been worked out, all the telling points told, and the foul designs of the opposition have been viewed with alarm until the eyes ache. There is really not much else to do but go crazy, and plenty of us do it. It would be well if we could all go into cloisters and think about nothing, so that our whirling wheels could regain the rhythm of sanity. Then we might be fresh and rested and clear-headed on election morning, and do the office of that day in a becoming manner.

* * *

Mr. Schurz, we think, is a man that would be helped by this retirement. It might restore him to sanity on the subject of the German-American. It is Mr. Schurz's present hallucination that all German-Americans were born headless; and that, by divine fiat, they use the Schurz brain as a community affair, thinking with it and controlling their actions by it. To change the minds of all German-Americans it is Mr. Schurz's notion that he needs but change his own mind. To mass all German-American votes at one point, he has only to give the word. His mind at present should be a feast for the alienists. A man who believes that Americans of German birth or descent will vote against the present administration because the Kaiser is displeased at the policy of that administration in China, has been let to run at large too long. A timely seclusion might restore him to the sound view that a German-American is quite as apt to do his own thinking and his own voting as any other kind of American.

* * *

A new kind of temporary idiocy has appeared on the other side. It believes, or, perhaps it merely seeks to generate the belief, that Mr. Bryan's election would be fatal to the institution known as the United States of America. In support of this it collects and publishes data of the most pessimistic character. Contracts for building railroads and factories are to be void in the event of Bryan's election. Capitalists, merchants, manufacturers and professional men are putting themselves in readiness to leave the country in apprehension of this calamity. One scared soul discloses that he had meant to make an extensive exhibit at the Buffalo Exposition, but that fears of Bryanism have caused him to abandon the plan. He thinks there will be no Exposition at Buffalo; he thinks there will be no U. S. left, — if Bryan is elected. He is not going to take any chances. A particularly winsome fiction of this sort relates that in a prosperous manufacturing town in Ohio some unscrupulous person declared that Bryan would surely be elected. The resulting panic was such that a run on all the banks ensued. Everybody drew out his savings and packed up his belongings, ready to flee at a moment's notice. Now, surely, it would n't be so bad as that.

* * *

It will be surmised that one of the persons for whom we most urgently counsel a temporary retirement is Mr. Bryan himself. Having pointed wrong he naturally gets farther from the right track as the campaign proceeds. He scents his coming defeat, of course. He knows the signs, and he perceives them to be more numerous and more emphatic than they were four years ago. And so he is trying to discount his failure. Not by the admission that his doctrines have been passed upon and rejected by a free people. That would be honest and sensible and manly, but it would n't be Bryan. No; this American people wants Bryan with all its heart, knowing him to be its only salvation, the only man under heaven that can save it from moral, physical and industrial decay. But it is going to reject him because of Republican bribe-money. "If the election were held to-day, there is no doubt that we would have a majority" says Mr. Bryan. But the wicked Republicans are going to buy all the votes. Going to bribe the American people at two dollars a head to continue their degrading serfdom. It is n't a pretty picture of the "plain people" that he draws here. But perhaps he does n't mean it; perhaps he is just trying to let himself down easily.

* * *

Mr. Bryan is oftener silly than vicious. Yet he is making one veiled defence of the Chicago platform, one veiled appeal to lawless instincts, that is the essence of viciousness. "What domestic reason is there for a large standing army?" he asks. The Republican party does not want it to protect us from the Indians, he says; then why do they want it? Bryan tells: — "So they can build a fort near every large city and use the army to suppress by force the discontent that ought to be cured by remedial legislation." We hope Mr. Bryan will live long enough to be ashamed of that. In the first place he knows that it is not true; that the army is not meant for and is rarely used for any such purpose; rarely used, not because it is wrong so to use it, but because there is rarely such a demand for it. In the second place Mr. Bryan knows, as every intelligent man knows, including the labor leaders themselves, that the wrongs of labor can not be redressed by force of arms; that they become lost in the greater wrong the moment violence is had. He knows without quibble that so long as there is a vestige of authority left in a government it must quell, by force if necessary, all outbreaks of lawlessness. He knows that any class of men in this country that feels the weight of police or military authority shows the necessity for it by that same token. Yet he makes this covert appeal to the laboring man: Elect me and you shall not be interfered with when, to carry your strike, you take the law into your own hands. You shall be free to kill any of your fellow-citizens that would, in the exercise of their free citizenship take the work you have refused; free to burn, to plunder, to devastate and to oppress." Mr. Bryan forgets that the great mass of laboring men, if they detect the wickedness of that appeal, will be quick to resent it.

* * *

"Drunk with conquest!" sneers Bryan. That 's it — drunk with conquest — and words. "Loaded," in short. It is the white man's burden. Would that we might sleep it off these two weeks before election!

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CROWDED OUT.

TRAMP.— Dere ain't no opening fer me in my profession, Mum! I hev bin crowded out by a soulless organization, Mum.

WOMAN.— The trusts, I suppose?

TRAMP.— No; de Boxers, Mum! I 'm a Chinese missionary, Mum!

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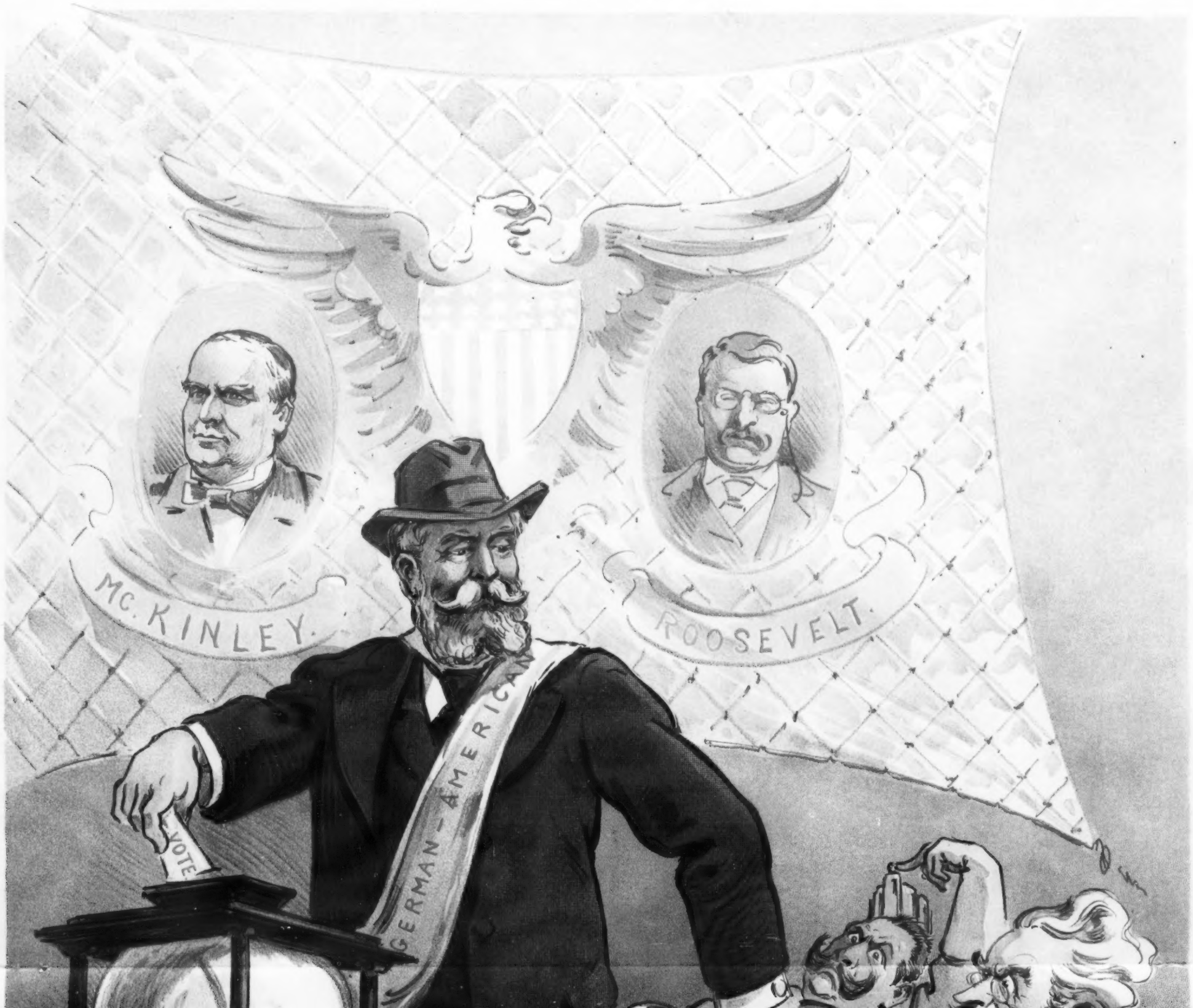
J.OTTMANN LITH.CO.PUCK BLDG.N.Y.

THE REAL GERMAN-AMERICAN.

HE DOES HIS OWN THINKING, AND WILL DO HIS OWN VOTING.


MC. KINLEY.
ROOSEVELT.
GERMAN-AMERICAN
VOTE

JANICE NARYPITH.

To Li Hung Chang:

INTO THE warp and twist of every book an author weaves many associations which even the subtlest readers do not discern, far less, care a continental for. To them it is but a cross and pile of balderdash cut in slabs to imitate chapters, and punctuated with shots and sabre-slashes and alarms without to simulate the elang and g'lang of a regular novel.

But to the writer every filament (or hunk) has its association: how each piece of fustian, cottonnade and silkine was laboriously woven in the brain; how each piece of history was scissored from *The History of the Revolution for the Young*, and woven into the complete work by the shuttle of the paste-brush.

And so (or, rather, on the other hand), as I have read the proofs the pages have faded out, and in their stead I have seen the ramp and terrace and other expensive features of Biltstillmore House. I have seen the French Broad Yang Tse Kyang sweeping up to your gate, and the Himalayas in your back yard, just as I saw them when I was there writing and pasting on this book.

With this costly vision has come a recurrence to our long talks, to our work among the books, making houses and forts of them, to our games of tiddledywinks, our cups of orange-water.

This is my subtle memory of our delicate intimacy. Excuse me for printing it in the front of my book.

All rights reserved, in case you and China collapse, to inscribe this work to the next richest man.

Chapter I.

Janice Narypith was a beauteous girl. I doubt it. Her father, the squire, owned 30,000 A. of land. Probably about 80. Charles was his bond-servant, but of noble birth. I doubt that, too. Charles is the hero, and lasts through the book. He falls in love with Janice the first chapter and has to hope and fear all the way through. Heros will learn after a while not to fall in love till the last of the book. Dramatis personae, a homely pastor, a peasant named Onion and his hobbiedyhoy son, a coarse lawyer supposed to be cunning but who could not win a bathing-suit. Also Washington, Howe, Clinton and others, who have no special affairs to trammel them and can come in whenever needed.

"I love you," said Charles, stirring sauce in the kitchen.

"Do you?" said Janice, much pleased.

"Leave the kitchen," said Mrs. Narypith.

"She would n't wed a servant!" roared the squire. The squire can not speak: he always roars.

"Indeed I would n't!" says Janice.

"She must wed the pastor," says Mrs. Narypith.

"She shall not!" roars the squire.

"She must not wed young Onion," says Mrs. N.

"She shall!" roars the squire. "Buss her, my lad."

Thinking no ill, Janice climbs out the window and starts eloping with Col. Teavatt. (He is another man.) This keeps Charles up all hours of the night to intercept and bring her back.

The troops (misprint for supes) now begin to march across the back of the stage with Washington at their head. Is that so? Washington? How can you tell which he is? You can't. Keep still. The troops occasionally take all the squire's property.

"Give me Janice and I will save the property," says the lawyer. He repeats this good offer every other chapter. He never thinks of it between times. Young Onion dons a British uniform and a new set of manners, and saves the property.

"You shall wed Young Onion!" roars the squire.

"No, no," says Janice.

"You shall, you wicked girl," says Mrs. N.

The door is thrown open and four armed supes arrest the squire. "What for?" asks Janice with a woman's curiosity. "For treason," replies the supe.

Chapter Next.

Washington, Charles being on his staff, turns the squire loose. Then Washington, finding that he can be spared awhile, starts out to fight a battle, but first he explains his plan to Janice, so that she won't miss any points. Col. Teavatt loans the squire money.

"You shall wed Teavatt!" roars the squire. "Yes, Dada," says she.

Onion rushes in and does the squire a turn. "You shall wed Young Onion!" roars the squire. "Yes, Dada," says Janice.

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STRAINED RELATIONS.

The Rooster.—I wish you 'd introduce me to that aristocratic cousin of yours.

The Duck.—Oh! she and I are not on good terms any more. She 's got her canvas back up about something.

As the love affairs of his aide do not culminate Washington goes into Winter quarters. The door is thrown open and the squire is again arrested and condemned to death. Charles forges a letter from Washington and the squire goes free.

Everything now takes up a double time. The lovers assail, the squire roars, Janice promises, Yorktown is besieged, a French general contributes a French remark to the horrors, the six supes, including Washington, keep up a clatter to represent the army. The surrender. Six lovers have been killed, or have lost their money, and Washington foresees the end.

Chapter Last.

Back at the Old Home. The surviving lovers appear. Washington takes position. The lawyer makes his offer, — Charles canters on his horse, — Old Onion hangs onto the farm, — Young Onion steals into the lines to soften him. The stage is lit with red fire. Shots, cries, Old Onion killed, lawyer taken as a Spy. Young Onion is taken, too. Alas! what will be his fate?

Washington and Janice at breakfast at the Old Home, repasting with old-time courtesy from the empty dishes. The door, etc., and Charles marches in.

"Sir, I report Young Onion — a prisoner of War."

He might have reported him as a Spy, but nobility of character prevailed. There is no one left now but Charles, and Janice hastens to take him before he is sent to the guard-house for forging the letter and making a false report.

THE SIGNIFICANCE.

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Visitor.—Ah! What a picture of innocence that child is!

Mother.—Dear me! I had n't noticed! Gertrude, what have you been doing?

Enlightenment, unfortunately, is not exactly the same thing as progress. For instance, we may know just what sort of government we ought to have without taking any steps to get it.

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REBUKED.

SON *(gleefully)*.— O Fader! der drug store next door vas all in vlames! Ve vill be purnt out, sure!

FATHER.— Mine son, don't count your shickens pefore dey vas hatched.

TO MY LOVE.

LIGHT OF MY EYES, you 're a goddess in dimity,
Just to be near you is blessed proximity,
Though it disturbs my avowed equanimity,
Causes me many and turbulent sighs.
Charming to me is your happy vivacity,
Tinged with a winsome and merry audacity,
Which you employ with a wondrous sagacity;
Oh! you 're adorable, Light of my Eyes!
And the felicity
Of your simplicity, —
If a man miss it, he
Misses a prize.
Suitors all throng to you,
Honors belong to you;
I toss a song to you,
Light of my Eyes!

Queen of my Heart, you 're a woman imperial,
Yet with the grace of an angel ethereal;
Dowered by Nature, 't is quite immaterial
Whether or not you 're indebted to art.
Though you are coy and demure as a shepherdess,
In your deep eyes glows the glance of a leopardess;
To rouse your spirit is certainly jeopardous;
Yet I would dare it, O Queen of my Heart!
Fatal vicinity
Of your divinity;
When a man 's in it he
Can not depart.
Look not so terrified; —
Say, would you care if I 'd
Make my words verified,
Queen of my Heart?

Love of my Life, if the times were Colonial,
Or if we lived as in old days Baronial,
I 'd lead you captive in chains matrimonial,
For I would win you in chivalrous strife.
But, as it is, though I long for you yearningly,
I choose my time and my manner discerningly;
And if I woo you sincerely and burningly,
Say, will you smile on me, Love of my Life?
Grant opportunity,
Then with impunity
I 'll propose unity —
Ask you to wife;
Oh! tell me that if I
All your whims gratify
Our troth you 'll ratify,
Love of my Life!

Carolyn Wells.

HIS WASTED EFFORTS.

A FABLE.

Once upon a Time, there was a certain Man who had an ambition to become a Linguist of Note. To that End, he burned copious quantities of that expensive lubricant commonly known as Midnight Oil, the while he dug his weary way through Ponderous Tomes till he had nearly ruined his eyesight and a considerable percentage of his Hair had dropped out, with the Ultimate Result that he was able to inquire "Is it not that you have my dinner-time seen yet?" in Nine different Languages, and so very intelligently that almost any Mind Reader could figure out what he was trying to get at. Then, having achieved his Ambition, he straightway whirled in and married a Woman who never let him get in a Word edgeways if she noticed it.

MORAL. — From this we should learn that there is indeed such a Thing as paying a great deal more than the Market price for your Whistle.

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"A GIVEN QUANTITY."

A SOCIETY ITEM.

MRS. BIGBUG.— Did the reporter write up our adventure with the burglar at three o'clock this morning, correctly, Reginald?

MR. BIGBUG *(with the evening paper)*.—Yes. He states that "both Mr. and Mrs. Bigbug were faultlessly night-gowned."

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BAFFLED CURIOSITY.

"In sooth, one can not tell who or what these wandering minstrels really are, or whence they come or why!"

"Thou art right, forsooth! For all one can learn about them, one might as well mind one's business."

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St.

Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

Work Well

Remington

Typewriters

Wear Well

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 B'way, New York

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 1. Lebanon, Ohio.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1

DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore Md.

WHAT DID SHE WANT?

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—I want to get some salad.

DEALER.—Yes, Ma'am. How many heads?

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—O Goodness! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE man who failed to get an education is not to be pitied; because he gets a great deal of satisfaction out of the thought that he gets along just as well as those who have an education.—*Washington Democrat.*

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TROUBLE IN THE AIR.

FIRST YOUNG FAUN.—Gee! We 'd better skip along. The old man has promised us all a first-class walloping.

SECOND YOUNG FAUN.—And he 's a prophetic divinity at that!

Mountains of work dwindle to mole hills when the body is stimulated by Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—the great invigorator. Druggists and grocers.

Buy it and try it if you want a delicious wine with a beautiful bouquet—*Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.*

CALIFORNIA.

Affords every variety of scenery and climate; abounds in mountains, lakes, rivers and forests. Every American should know something about it. The way to reach it—go by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

Copy of the Illustrated Catalogue of the "Four-Track Series," New York Central's books of travel and education, will be sent free, post-paid, to any address on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Hunter Baltimore Rye

This trade-mark title represents

The American Gentleman's Whiskey

The Purest type of excellence.
10 Years Old. Rich and Mellow.

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

$250 Reward

for information leading to the conviction of any dealer having refilled empty bottles of ED. PINAUD'S world-renowned

Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic,

or adulterating and tampering in any shape or form with the original contents of the same.

This offer is bona fide, and is made in order to protect the consumer of ED. PINAUD'S Toilet Preparations.

An immense fraud has been of late practiced, especially by a large number of unscrupulous barbers, who have made it a practice to use on their customers spurious and often injurious preparations, palming the same off as PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE.

The Parfumerie ED. PINAUD have decided to protect their rights, and we have been instructed to prosecute to the utmost severity of the law all those who will either imitate their packages or refill their bottles.

Any communication relative to the detection of such frauds will be treated in strict confidence.

PUTNEY, TWOMBLY & PUTNEY,
ATTORNEYS,
115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ASK YOUR DEALER

TRADE

HE HAS THEM

AMERICA'S FAMOUS

YPSILANTI

HEALTH UNDERWEAR

IF NOT SEND FOR BOOKLET TO

MARK

HAY & TODD MFG. CO. YPSILANTI MICH.

Whether you 're big, or whether you 're small,
Whether you 're short, or whether you 're tall,
Whether you 're fat, or whether you 're lean,
Whether excitable, or serene,
Whether a woman, or whether a man,
You 'll find taking R.I.P.A.N.S a very good plan.

LIFELIKE ARTIFICIAL EYES.

Our KOKEL eyes, made specially to match the natural, defy detection. Write for prices and full particulars. W. T. GEORGEN, Dept. F., 22 East 23d Street, New York City.

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SUFFICIENT REASON.

"The horse seemed quite cheap but I was suspicious —
"Why?"
"Oh! just because it was a horse."

A REFLECTION.

"In your advertisement," said the man with the suave manner, as he entered the office of the ice company, "you say that there are no microbes on the ice that you furnish to your customers."

"Yes, sir," replied the treasurer, as he placed a blotter in front of his diamond stud so that the caller would not have to blink; "and we stand by our assertion."

"I stand by it, too," said the man with the suave manner; "and I have called to say that, as I have no fear of microbes, believing they are harmless, I wish you would direct your delivery man to leave at my residence, in the future, ice of such dimensions, that two or three microbes, if they felt so inclined, could occupy it without crowding each other."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A THEORY.

"There is no denying it," said the gentle optimist. "Men get better as they grow older."

"I don't know about that," answered Mr. Blykins, shortly.

"But statistics show that most of the criminals captured are less than twenty-five years of age."

"Well, that don't necessarily prove that men get better. It may merely demonstrate that they get smarter and are not so easily caught."—*Wash. Star.*

HE HELD HER.

With flirting and foolishness now she was done,
For she meant to be wed to this chap.
"My race for a husband," she sighed, "is near won —
I believe I am on my last lap."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

HE KNEW HUMAN NATURE.

STRANGER.—Here is a little poem which I submitted to a number of my nearest and dearest friends, and they all said it was worth printing.

EDITOR *(who has friends himself).*—I am delighted to get it, sir. A thing which a man's bosom friends fail to criticise must be about perfect. — *New York Weekly.*

What Are Club Cocktails?

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

29 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

Alois P. Swoboda teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

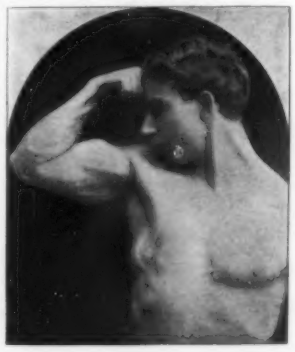
ABSOLUTELY CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION,

and revitalizes the whole body.

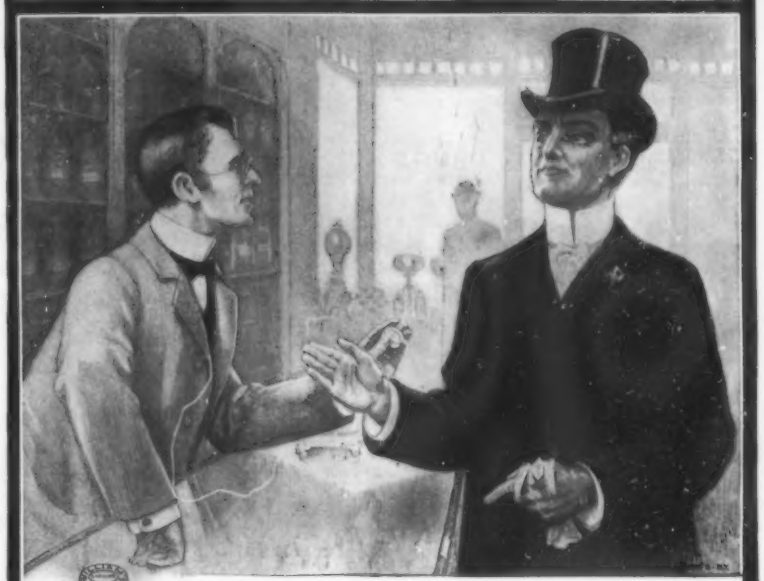
Pupils are of both sexes ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition individual instructions are given in each case.

Write at once for full information and Booklet containing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens to

ALOIS P. SWOBODA,
34-36 Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



"No, thank you! I want WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap. I beg your pardon, there isn't anything else 'just as good.' I have used Williams' Soap all my life and know what I am talking about. O, yes; I've tried the other kinds, but they were all failures — lather dried quickly, my face smarted, they made shaving a nightmare! Give me Williams' Soap, please; that's good enough for me."

CAUTION—Don't accept a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap on which the dealer makes a little more profit. You will not only get an *inferior* soap, but probably also a *smaller cake*, as you will see if you compare it with Williams' Soap.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25c. LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25c.
GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP, 10c. SWISS VIOLET SHAVING CREAM, 50c.
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers') 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet

LONDON PARIS THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn. DRESDEN SYDNEY

A JESTER'S APOLOGY.

Sheer foolishness I write, you see —
In this strange course there 's naught amiss:
Should I write wisdom — that — Ah, me!
Might prove worse foolishness than this.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

A PERSONAL sent in says that "——— ———, of ——— Street, thought seriously this Spring of going to Europe." We will have to draw the line on personals announcing that people thought of going to places last Spring. — *Atchison Globe.*

THESE are the days when the careful mother boils the drinking water and roasts the water company, just on general principles. — *Indianapolis News.*

AN American architect is about to erect a brewery in Japan. It was always strongly suspected that the Japanese were more civilized than the Chinese. — *Norristown Herald.*

ECONOMY.

BILLTOP. — You must be doing mighty well, old man, to be able to charter a yacht.

CAPTON.—Not at all! I 'm doing it to save money.

"How 's that?"

"I 'm going to keep my wife at sea for a whole month."— *Harper's Bazar.*

NO DAY is so hot but you can make it seem a little hotter if you try.— *L. A. W. Bulletin.*

THE counterfeit is often better-looking than the genuine. — *Ram's Horn.*

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FOLLOWING UP HIS ADVANTAGE.

THE RABBIT.—By Jove! that nerve tonic I 'm taking is a great thing! If this timid person runs I shall certainly pursue!

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

Brown October! All the world
  Seemeth dead
  As the earth beneath my tread
Or the leaves that hang up-curled
  Overhead.

Brown and quiet as a mouse
  Is the town;
  And arrayed in brownish gown
Comes my loved one from her house
  (House is brown).

Ah! how lovely is her hair,
  (Brown of hue)
  And her eyes so deep and true —
Who 's that with her? Brown, I swear!
  Jove! I 'm blue!

— *Catholic Standard and Times.*

FULL OF WATER.

"How do you feel now?" asked his rescuers.

"Like a Jersey trust," gasped the half-drowned man, faintly.

Then they rolled him on the barrel some more; for they, too, were financiers.—*Harper's Bazar.*

OF course, the new starch trust intends to stiffen prices. — *Indianapolis News.*

The flavour of "Canadian Club" Whisky is distilled with it, not added afterward, and water cannot wash it out. A High Ball made from "Canadian Club" is an extension, not an extinction, of the perfect qualities which have made "Canadian Club" so popular with connoisseurs

CHEW

Beeman's

The Original Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

BENEDICT'S TIME.

DIAMONDS and WATCHES A SPECIALTY.

END VIEW SIDE VIEW

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Watches, Diamonds, Chains, and Rich Jewelry.

"THE BENEDICT"

Is our patent Sleeve and Collar Button, strong, durable and easy to adjust. In Gold, Silver, and rolled gold.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,
BENEDICT BUILDING.
171 BROADWAY,
Cor. Cortlandt St. NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1821.

SIDE VIEW END VIEW

By Royal Warrant to H.M. The Queen
53 Gold Medals Awarded

DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

THE GRAND PRIZE
(HIGHEST POSSIBLE AWARD)
Has been awarded to
Messrs John Dewar & Sons, Ltd
PARIS EXPOSITION, 1900

Fred^k Classup, Sole U.S. Agent, New York.

DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY is distilled and bottled by Messrs. JOHN DEWAR & SONS, LTD., at their distilleries, PERTH, SCOTLAND, under the supervision of HER MAJESTY'S EXCISE OFFICERS.

NO EXCUSE FOR THEM.

MOTHER.—I don't see why you and your husband should have so much trouble. You don't belong to different churches, do you?

DAUGHTER.—No, Mother.

MOTHER.—Then there is no excuse for fighting like dogs and cats. — *New York Weekly.*

WHEN a girl engages in a new love-affair she opens a top bureau-drawer and burns a few letters and bunches of dried weeds, and calls this burying the dead past.—*Atchison Globe.*

IT often happens that people sing jubilantly at church, "We Shall Know Each Other There," who refuse to know each other here.—*Atchison Globe.*

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AN IMPORTANT DISTINCTION.

OLD DOCTOR.—If you can manage it, get your name in the papers.
YOUNG DOCTOR.—But etiquette forbids a physician to advertise.
OLD DOCTOR.—Yes; but not to be advertised.

Many petty trade-mark pirates trade on reputation of *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters, unequalled South American tonic. Refuse imitation.

BABIES are just like grown-up people; they always want to eat what is not best for them. — *Washington Democrat.*

A GREAT DISADVANTAGE.

The man who thinks he knows it all
  To trouble sure is turning,
For he gets lazy and forgets
  While other folks are learning.

— *Washington Star.*

THE decrease in the population of Omaha in the last ten years is 26.99 per cent., and the decrease in the people's good opinion of the Census Office is 99.99 per cent.—*Indianapolis News.*

IT is every woman's private opinion that the first thing her husband will do when he gets to heaven, will be to find fault.—*Atchison Globe.*

A COPY of "Our Presidents, and How to Make Them" should be sent to William Jennings Bryan. — *Norristown Herald.*

WOMEN are more pleased with boarding than the men, because it is easier for a woman to smile when she does n't feel like it.—*Atchison Globe.*

THERE is a good deal of talk nowadays as to who discovered Kipling. The fact is, however, that Kipling discovered himself.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

RED TOP RYE
THE WHISKEY OF WHISKIES

STOP!
If you are thirsty for a good whiskey, why don't you try
RED TOP RYE
It is made for discriminating people with a thirst.
Ferdinand Westheimer & Sons,
St. Joseph, Mo. Cincinnati, O.
Distillery: Louisville, Ky.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

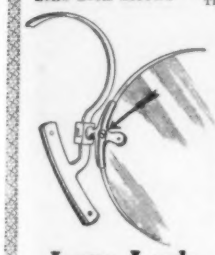
Support Yourself While Learning a Profession

Our new free circular will show a way for you to earn a good salary while learning the profession of your choice. You can become a
Mechanical Engineer, Electrician, Architect
200,000 students and graduates.
Established 1891. Capital $1,500,000.
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 918 Scranton, Pa.

Eye-Glass Comfort

CAN ONLY COME FROM STEADY, WELL-SET GLASSES

Lens Lock Screws — Insure Eye-Glass Joints that Won't Budge.



Not an optician in the land but knows it. Some of them will frankly say so—and advise you to use **Lens Lock Screws.** Some won't. They 'd rather dodge a little trouble and a pinch more of expense to themselves than give you the best of best. Let them dodge—send your rimless eye-glasses (nickel) to us with 50 cents and we will fit them with Lens Lock Screws. Look for "L" on the stud.

Lens Lock Screws

Descriptive Circular Free.

ANDREW J. LLOYD & CO.
OPTICIANS
323 Washington St., BOSTON, Mass.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Carpets.
Lowell Brussels Carpets,
Bigelow Axminster Carpets,
in our new and specially prepared designs.

Oriental Rugs.
An unsurpassed assortment for Libraries, Dining Rooms and Halls.
Designed exclusively for our Fall trade.

Upholstery.
Curtain Materials, Tapestries, Furniture Coverings
Lace Curtains.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK

Time Works Wonders

in maturing ale, and together with the careful selection of the best materials and the employment of the best methods in brewing produce the wonderful result shown in

EVANS' ALE and STOUT

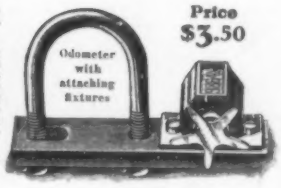
There's no sediment due to yeast cells or foreign germs — EVANS' BOTTLING PREVENTS THAT.
Any Dealer Anywhere.

The Veeder ODOMETER

FOR CARRIAGES, Automobiles, and all Vehicles. Aside from the pleasure always found in knowing the distance travelled and accurately measuring the ability of your horse, the Veeder Odometer enables you to oil the running parts at known intervals of distance, instead of "hap-hazard," avoiding wear and tear enough to save many times its cost—equally true of automobiles.

Reads miles and fractions at a glance—no "figuring." In ordering give exact diameter of wheel. Catalog free.

VEEDER MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.



Price $3.50

HONOR WHERE DUE.

The highest possible honor, "The Grand Prix," has been awarded at the Paris Exposition to *Messrs. John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.*, the great Scotch Whisky Distillers of Perth, Scotland, and London, England.

For many years "Dewar" has been the favorite in Europe, and it is due to the energy and keen managerial ability of Frederick Glassup, the Sole Agent in this Country, that the famous Dewar's Scotch Whisky is the most popular of high-class beverages in America to-day.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

Throat Ease and Breath Perfume.

SEN-SEN Trade Mark

5¢

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CONSOLATION.

"Don't worry, my friends! I 'm sure you will be a great deal more comfortable inside of me than you seem to be outside!"

Rae's Lucca Olive Oil...

Combines
Perfection of Quality
with
Absolute Purity

S. RAE & CO.,
Leghorn, Italy.
Established 1836

TRINIDAD AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

A Gold Medal Awarded to Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Son's Angostura Bitters.

It was not sufficient that this little island, the pearl of the Lesser Antilles and the richest of Great Britain's crown colonies, should have a pitch-lake yielding enough to supply the world with asphalt streets for centuries to come. Besides its vast agricultural wealth, Trinidad is the seat of the manufactory of the *Angostura Bitters*, which has been awarded the gold medal for highest excellence at the present Paris Exposition. For over half a century this article, ladened with the fragrant aroma of the tropics, has been winning its way more and more into popular favor. In competition with similar articles at the international exhibitions of the last forty years, it has, in every instance, obtained from impartial judges the highest awards they could bestow, thus bringing richly deserved honors and renown to its manufacturers, the well-known firm of Messrs. *Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Son* of Port of Spain, Trinidad, B. W. I.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these **KEELEY INSTITUTES.** Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
OGDENSBURG, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

Knickerbocker Special and

South-Western Limited, the Famous Trains between Boston, New York, Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, via **BIG 4 ROUTE** and New York Central, Boston & Albany, Chesapeake & Ohio. All the luxuries of café and library as well as dining and sleeping cars.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street. } New York.
Branch Warehouse: 20 Beekman Street.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

We often regret that the poor singers have so much ambition.—*Atchison Globe.*

Even piano tuners are called "Prof." by some people.—*Washington Democrat.*

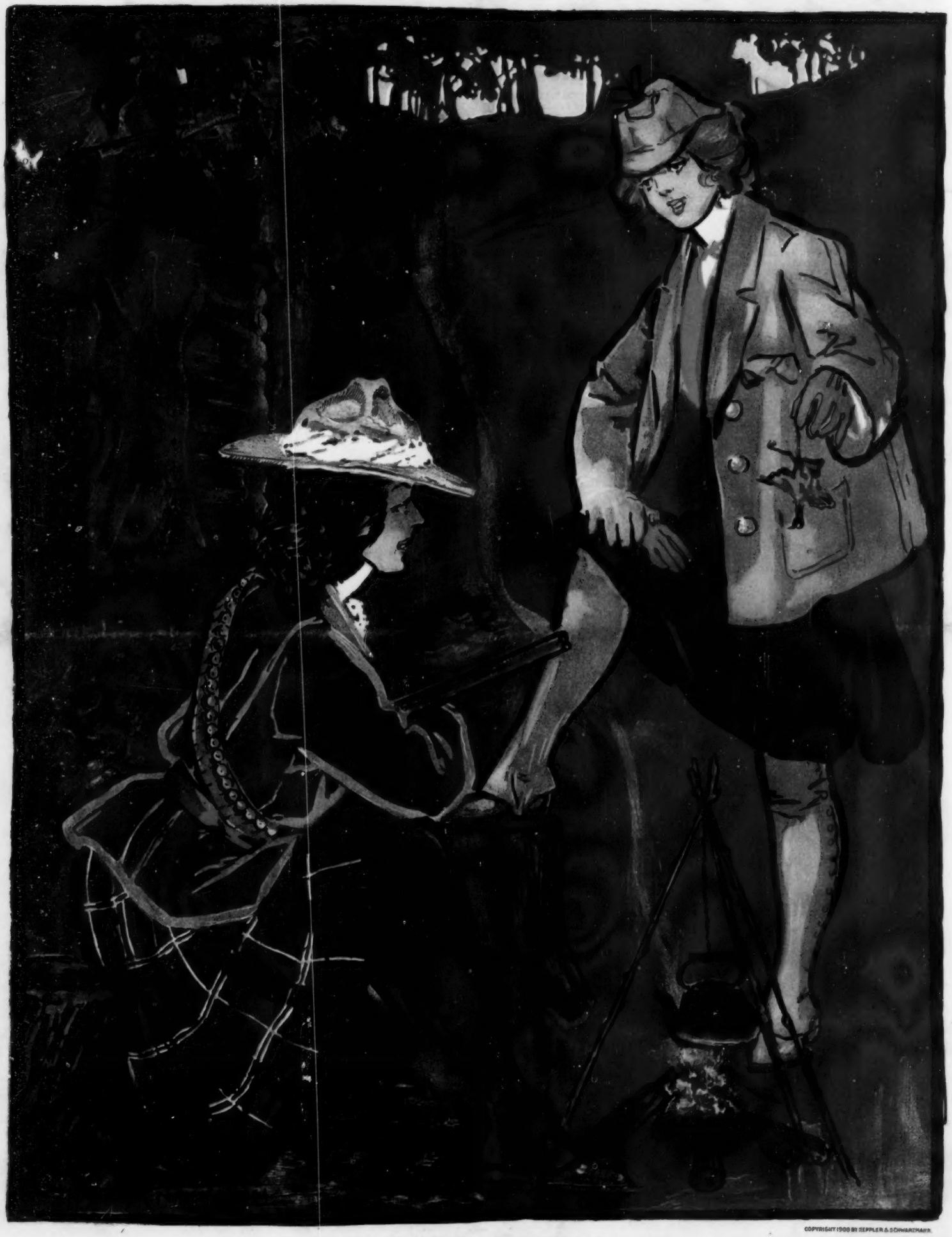
BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

An Autumn Suggestion.

With the snappy, crisp autumn air; with the gorgeous tinting of the hillsides; with the vigor of new life which the season brings, comes the thought of ale—rare, brown, October ale, the theme of the poet, the inspiration of the singer—ale which has a history second only to that of the "nectar of the gods;" and with the thought of ale comes the happy suggestion of the best ale, and that, of course, is Evans's. Evans's ale is a product of American skill. It is made to-day where it has been made for more than a century, on the banks of the historic Hudson, and, no doubt, had its manufacture dated back as far as the time of Rip Van Winkle, that glorious old vagabond would have quaffed Evans's ale as he said, "Here 's your good health, and your family's, and may you live long and prosper."

OCT 24 1900



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ITS CLAIM TO DISTINCTION.

"Remarkable bird, is n't it?"
"Why, no!—it 's common enough."
"But you shot it!"

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